

Mechanic Apprentice.

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J. M. W. YERRINGTON, { Editors.
CHARLES W. SLACK. }

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The editors are literally cornered, and driven from the field by an army of contributors. Well, we are consoled by the reflection, that what is our loss, is your gain; so, gentle reader, until next month, fare-ye-well.

HISTORY—ITS IMPORTANCE.

It was the intention of the author of this article, to show the immense advantages of studious reflection, when connected with history; and of the pleasure as well as instruction it affords to the mind. Owing to the narrow limits to which we are obliged to confine ourselves, we shall fail of doing justice to the subject,—but we will, notwithstanding, hazard a few words.

The human mind, capable of accomplishing so much, is shrouded in mystery; over the origin of it a veil has been thrown, through which it is impossible to penetrate. Of this, we are certain, that mankind is impelled to action by thought, and without the mind the whole human system would be motionless;—neither can man undertake even the most trifling affair without previous thought. What is the origin of it? From whence proceeds this guide of all our actions—this mover of the human system, and by the aid of which, man is enabled to accomplish so much? This is a problem which neither man or his philosophy will ever be able to solve, and we may ask the question without the probability of a reply; the improbability of a reply, proves the magnitude of the subject and of the question we have asked. In consequence, we observe that, to account for the origin of thought is impossible; it being a mystery so profound, that the mind, powerful as it is, is not competent to find out the hidden cause. This mystery is the most inexplicable part of man, and although it is a subject which engrosses the attention of all men,—absorbs all minds,—it is one on which the least light is thrown.

We will leave this subject to the everlasting disputes of metaphysicians; and instead of inquiring into the origin of thought, and striving to grasp this monster of obscure birth, content ourselves with admiring him. Admire him in works that master minds have produced, and which are within the reach of all; exhibited to us on the immortal pages of history. Let us examine history; and in doing so, take a path which will lead us in view of a grand drama, (the world,) whose scenes teem with inexhaustible subjects of instruction. A drama, in which the faithful history of the world is exhibited to us. It matters not, whether it be the triumph of Luther's Reformation in the land forsaken by the Pilgrims, or the unparalleled advance of civilization in the western world,—every thing connected with these facts is priceless. The study of history fixes the attention on the revolutions and struggles for freedom

and for despotism that have taken place in a world beyond the Atlantic, but it is deep reflection, assisted by history, that places these events almost in reality, before our eyes;—it is reflection that expands one's mind—brings one to a closer acquaintance with what has been but imperfectly understood, and enables him to take a majestic view of the whole world.

There are times when reflection is more beneficial, both physically and mentally, than study too closely pursued; and when one's books are abandoned for a twilight ramble upon an adjacent hill which skirts our "modern Athens," with his mind well stored with historic recollections, he pauses upon the height of this keystone of his liberties, and surveys at a glance the revolutions which have changed the face of his own country, and, perhaps, of the world. His mind cannot be inactive, but skips from subject to subject as the imagination exhausts it;—he is impelled with the irresistible force of thought, and is carried on its wings to the old world—he stands upon Rome's Forum, and amid the universal silence looks in vain for an existing remnant of Roman liberty. "Here," he exclaims, "once flourished a populous city—here was the seat of a mighty empire;" where now are your fleets that held undisputed sway of the sea—your victorious armies which traversed the world, unconquered and unconquerable? A conquest has at last been won;—faction, civil war, intestine broils, commenced the devastation, and time has consummated the work, and left nothing but piles of rubbish, the melancholy ruins of ancient greatness. As he stands wrapped in meditation, contemplating the solemn and impressive scene, he is passed by unnoticed by numberless monks, who are devoutly engaged in *Ave Marias* and counting of beads or administering the sacrament with upraised cross, to some starving son of Rome, whom they have robbed of his last morsel of bread.

Rome, in times past, the school of arts, and the nursery of arms—what is she now? Her constitution and laws are now the model for all nations, while nothing but her past history is remembered. Once so celebrated for her strict and religious observance of the laws, she is now the personification of anarchy and imbecility.

But time, which has such a devastating effect upon the human race, can never alter the geographical situation of Italy or of Rome; the Tiber rolls on as before, nor does the sea refuse to receive her waters. Her mountains, lakes, and pastoral scenery, for which she is justly celebrated, still flourish in all their native beauty. The "eternal city" and its seven hills towering in the distance, tell her history—that she was the beacon for the world. She holds up a mirror in which is reflected her past history, and modern nations have profited by the reflection, and have reached the goal which she attained—political liberty. What though Liberty was lately vanquished in the struggle against the Holy Alliance, the legitimacy of kings, and the "divine right to rule,"—the principle of liberty is still enthroned in

the hearts of the people of Continental Europe, and will yet be triumphant, notwithstanding the opposition of the hydra-headed monster of the coalition.

When the descendants of ancient Rome shall see her own reflection, (so vividly portrayed in the west)—when they shall see and follow the example which their ancestors have given to the world,—then will superstition, indolence and ignorance, which have been the accumulation of ages, vanish, and Rome rise, Phoenix-like, from her ashes.

The main cause of their deplorable condition, may be attributed to the proscription of books, of schools, and of all education. The mass of the people, unable to comprehend the cause of their misery—without the means of making themselves acquainted with the manner of bettering their condition—and unacquainted with the first principles of regeneration,—a knowledge of their rights,—wear out a miserable existence, led by the nose by the Catholic hierarchy, and slaves of their feudal lords. Their situation, however, is not owing to their want of experience during their own life-time, but a deficiency of that of times past, and of their own history. The prosperity of a nation and of the future, depends upon the history and examples of the past. It was a thorough understanding of the history and principles of our revolution that struck down the Bastille, and shook the feudal chain from off the French—proclaimed their liberty, and startled all Europe by the force, justice, and progress of their principles. The power of gold over ignorance has prevailed—that ignorance which permits the Holy League to disregard the laws of nations, to trample on the common rights of all men and outrage the feeling of suffering humanity. The Eagle, which gained but a temporary footing upon the Continent, has left the impress of her beak and talons on the despots of Europe; Charles X.'s torn and ruined robes, gives evidence of the superior prowess of our noble bird, and that her qualities are understood, at least, in some portion of Europe; her combined battlements have not vanquished her; she still "soars aloft intact;" but failing of success, she has returned to the land of her birth—to the land which cherished her, amid the applause excited by her noble struggles!

We cannot fail to observe the incalculable benefits derived from history, even in this brief sketch; and that our national prosperity, the happiness of our homes; and of the domestic circle, has depended, in a great measure, upon the history of other nations; and let us not neglect to profit by their experience.

D. N.

A SKETCH.

It was in the summer of 1843 that I visited a friend who resided in one of the Western States. He lived in a cottage situated on a road that was travelled but seldom. Now and then a traveller might be seen passing on horseback, or perhaps a huge wagon containing emigrants who had left an eastern home to find a new one in the western wilds. A few persons sometimes passed on foot, poor and destitute, driven probably from more populous parts by poverty, and going to seek some friend or relative who had gone before them, there to make a home in the wild forest or on the broad prairie, where the sun shines on all alike. My friend's cottage was like those you often meet with at the west. It was built of logs, and shaded from the hot sun of summer and sheltered

from the cold winds of winter, by the lofty, primeval forest. The wild grape-vine festooned itself among their branches, and when the frosts had seared its leaves, rained down its ripened fruit; and the wild ivy crept up their trunks in seeming rivalry with the grape, and from its opening buds and flowers, sent a sweet perfume on all the forest round. The red-breast and the wren, the yellow and the red birds, and others of the feathery songsters, warbled their notes in seeming rivalry with each other, making a discord harmonious to nature. By its side there ran a brook that leaped and gambolled among the rocks, seeming almost a thing of life, that knew itself, and was rejoicing in the scene around it. In the distance, glistening through the trees, might be seen a lake, spread out like a broad mirror, reflecting the sunlight on its surface, and beyond it huge mountains, green with foliage, reared their lofty tops to the sky and seemed to kiss the clouds as they passed by. It was a lovely scene—such an one as would make a man bless his Maker for giving him a being to behold it. Well might I say, while gazing on such a scene, "God made the country, and man made the town."

It was in this place that I sat with my friend before his cottage door, one pleasant afternoon, when a traveller was seen approaching on foot, who seemed poor and weary; he came to the cottage door and asked for food, with which he was soon provided. He was an old man; his hair was white as silver, and he had a foreign accent in his speech that told he was a stranger to the country. After having refreshed himself, he thanked my friend kindly for his hospitality, and was going to leave; but my friend reminded him that the sun was fast sinking towards the west, and that it would be past midnight before he would see another house, and if he would stop with him he would be welcome. He needed no urging, but with a grateful heart he thanked him and remained. There are no hotels scattered through the forests to refresh the weary traveller, but the house of every man is his home and he is welcomed with joy; and thrice welcome is he who can sit around the backwoodsman's fireside and tell the doings of the far-off world.

The sun had just sunk behind the western hills; the birds had ceased their warbling and gone to rest; all nature seemed fast sinking to repose. We were all sitting in front of the cottage, my friend playing some favorite airs upon his flute, and we listening to his music. The last tune he played was "Buona parte crossing the Rhine." As he played, the tears began to trickle down the old man's cheeks, and he wept like a child.

"What makes you feel so sad?" my friend asked. "You seem in trouble; can you tell us the cause of it?"

"Sir, I can never hear that tune but it makes me weep, though it may commence in my merriest mood; for it calls up associations, the recollection of which is enough even to make an old man weep."

"Can you tell us what they are?"

"You are friends," he said, "and will pardon an old man's tears. I will tell you what makes me weep. I was born in France, and when Napoleon was crowned emperor, I had a wife, two daughters, and six sons. My children were all in the prime of life, and I was happy. But Napoleon came and took two of my sons to war; the bones of one now lie on the battle-field of Austerlitz. But that was not all. He came again and took myself and four remaining

sons to go to Russia. We were forced to go and fight for glory. We marched to the great empire. Ours was a splendid army; three hundred thousand men, with brave hearts and stout hands, and the life-blood of health flowing quickly through their veins. There were fathers and sons, brothers and friends, side by side, all, like true Frenchmen, elated with past success and future hopes. Three hundred thousand men, like these, marched up the hill toward Moscow, and they all moved to the tune of "Bonaparte crossing the Rhine." As the vast throng passed up that hill, not a word was spoken; nought else was heard but the soldiers' heavy tread and *that tune*; for all knew that from that hill Moscow was to be seen! That city they were to attack. Poor men! we little thought that was the last tune to which we should march. The setting sun was just gilding the many turrets of Moscow's kremlin, when this proud array gained the summit of the hill. Napoleon halted, and, pointing to the departing day-god, said, "Behold the sun of Austerlitz!" Then there swung three hundred thousand caps in air, and three hundred thousand voices shouted one long hurrah. But I need not tell you more. There whiten the bones of my five other sons, all killed in the prime of life. Myself was wounded and taken prisoner. The news came to my poor wife at home that we were all dead, and she died of grief. My oldest daughter was married, and her husband drawn into the army; but he deserted, and with his wife came to this country. I am now going to see her. She lives still farther west; with her I must spend the remainder of my days, for I have not another relative in the world.—My daughter that I left in France I have not heard from since her mother died. This, sir, is what makes me weep; 'tis enough to make an old man's heart break, to outlive all his kind." R.

THE REDEMPTION OF LABOR.

NO. III.

Thus far we have been engaged in the mere statement of facts—unwelcome and disagreeable, but still undeniable and stubborn, *facts*; but now we enter on the far more delicate and intricate subject of the discussion of principles and measures. And we are aware, that from not a few of those who could not gainsay, and would not attempt to deny, the entire range of truths we have arrayed, we shall now be compelled to encounter dearly cherished biases, and long-formed prejudices. We cannot turn aside now to combat these, but propose to advance at once into the weightiest division of this investigation.

We have seen that Labor is politically and socially degraded—that, as things are now constituted, its interests are opposed to those of wealth—that wealth has become so concentrated in the hands of a small class, and received such aid from the legislation of the country, that we are now threatened with that stupendous and dangerous confederacy—a monied aristocracy.

Under this state of things, the laborer has been robbed of so many rights, and his condition become so precarious and desperate, that at last he starts up and inquires, how shall he apply the check?

We tell him, boldly and unequivocally,—by the proper exercise of his elective rights. Yes, but individual political action is powerless in the general result; this creates the necessity for union and or-

ganization. In fact, one cause of their present distress is the long continued want of proper organization among the producing class; for every other class has had its peculiar union or combination; while among the laborers there has been no concert of action. They should expose themselves in this way no longer. United, we believe they are, for a principle of common defence makes them so; but that union and sympathy of feeling should become organized in association, and its self-preserving spirit developed in action. And that action should be, first, *political action*.

It cannot be denied that Labor suffers from the effect of legislative enactments, which have been passed, especially and exclusively, to benefit capital. The repeal of all such laws are demanded, as much by a regard for the dictates of justice and the principles of humanity, as for the safety of the interests of the producing classes. The ordinary topics which are annually used up on the Fourth of July, seem to be entirely cast into oblivion by the more vociferous exultation over the vast improvements in machinery and the means of travelling. But we have made a poor exchange for the time honored relics of the age of simplicity, if we find, as I think we shall too soon find, that all these improvements are to be used as so many engines for crushing the mass of the people into degradation and poverty. Better replace the wheel and jenny beside the domestic hearth, and the stage coach upon the highway, if manufactories and railroads must be established on such a basis as to make them so many *drains* of the means of life from the industrious many to the idle few. I should be the last one to rejoice at such a retrograde movement, unless it was found impossible to conduct public benefits upon principles of common equality, instead of avaricious fraud. We have here one forcible reason why the producers of the public wealth should make their numbers felt, and their interests regarded, in the legislative hall, when those who do nothing towards producing it seek the assistance of the laws to enable them to monopolize it for their own personal aggrandizement. But there exists another, still more stringent.

Capital has been legislated for so much, and has become so grasping in its demands, that it has become necessary that Labor should be protected, by certain salutary laws, from its fraudulent schemes. These protective enactments can never be obtained except by the direct action of those who ask for them. They may be sought indirectly; but in vain. Petitioning is impotent and futile. Why, it is but a few years since, that, when a law was asked for in our own enlightened Legislature, that would enable mechanics, in certain cases, to obtain justice, a large capitalist sent a letter, objecting to its passage, not because it was either unjust, unnecessary, or unconstitutional, but because it would *injure his business*! Of course, the law was not passed. When such *arguments* find weight in our legislative halls, and when justice is denied to the man who toils, because obedience to its dictates may injure the pocket of the man who does nothing, it would seem to be idle to waste a breath in enforcing the truth that *social evils* are not the only ills which afflict the producer.

But the measure we advocate rests on still broader principles. It is easy enough to lengthen the enumeration of particular grievances, which we have commenced above; but the argument for political action rests on a more enduring basis.

In a government like ours, composed of so many conflicting interests, every class, to preserve the proper balance, and prevent oppression and injustice, should be represented in the legislative assembly proportionably to its numerical strength in the community. This, of course, is but a mere truism; and so, also, is its syllogistic deduction, that the class which is not thus represented, suffers in its interests, and may be defrauded of its rights. That Labor, an interest of predominant importance, though shamefully insignificant in influence, should be represented, or, rather, *represent itself*, in the halls of legislation, is, therefore, a measure which appeals for adoption to the plainest dictates of sacred duty, to the warmest love of liberty, to the best feelings of noble pride, to the most rigid regard for justice, to the innate promptings of humanity, and to every consideration of common defence and common safety, in those whose toil produces all that this world has to boast of. That it is not, and has not been, represented, and its right regarded, needs not even the force of the shameless abuse mentioned above, to prove. That it is to be, is a hope and a faith which I should entertain sad forebodings of future disaster and suffering, if I could not cherish and believe.

But, Messrs. Editors, I am admonished that these communications, becoming, I fear, too lengthy, should be brought to a conclusion. It is a subject, however, on which volumes could be written without exhausting it. I have only sought to draw attention to its general importance; and in one more paper I think I shall finish the statement of the argument, when I shall be happy to leave the subject in abler hands.

A. L. M.

The following article was written for our last number, but, on account of its length, was necessarily omitted. We believe, however, notwithstanding its late appearance, it will not prove altogether unacceptable to our readers.

THANKSGIVING.

Since the issuing of our last paper, we have been called upon to celebrate the annually recurring festival of Thanksgiving in our good old commonwealth of Massachusetts. Although an article under the caption we have adopted might perhaps be considered more appropriate to precede than to follow the occurrence of this important occasion among our people, yet we have thought, Mr. Editor, that a few reflections, suggested by the manner in which such a holiday has been spent, might not be deemed inappropriate at the present time.

The season of Thanksgiving is emphatically one of enjoyment. With what pleasure in the anticipation do we all look forward to its coming? Young and old, rich and poor, proud and humble, all share alike in this feeling of delight. The apprentice, who has been perhaps for a whole year steadily engaged in the arduous (although we hope not entirely uninteresting) duties of his trade; the shop-boy, who week in and week out has pursued the dull routine of his occupation, striving against every difficulty, and enduring almost every humiliation which could be inflicted in his praise-worthy endeavors to obtain a knowledge of the rudiments of his business—satisfied that the only certain way of ensuring ultimate

success is by beginning at the lowest round of the ladder, and by his own untiring exertions climbing up step by step; the more advanced in either occupation, who have earned for themselves the appellation of young man or clerk, and even those who have at last attained the summit of their highest hopes, and find themselves what is styled in the common parlance of the world, "their own masters;" in other words, men who have entered upon the business of life upon their own account, and are dependent upon no particular individual for the means of procuring a livelihood,—are induced to unbend their gravity, and forget for a season the cares and anxieties attendant upon their business, and join with a hearty good will in the sports and enjoyments of relatives and friends. At this season, more than at any other, the distinction of *caste* is thrown aside, and all meet upon a common platform of equality, each one vying with his neighbor in returning thanks for benefits conferred.

And here, Mr. Editor, I hope I may be allowed to say one word in relation to the *manner* of returning thanks upon this time honored occasion. The proclamation of our Governor, in substance, calls upon us to assemble in our respective places of worship, and there return thanks to our Creator for the many benefits and favors which he, in his infinite kindness to us as a people, has seen fit to bestow. That such is our duty—nay, more, our *privilege*, it would be foolish and wicked to deny; and God grant that our people may ever show the same aptitude to comply with this requisition as at present. It is one of the most essentially redeeming qualities in the character of our Massachusetts people, that their reverence for this and similar customs of our ancestors, appears to be strengthened rather than diminished by age. But in the opinion of the writer of this article, there is an extreme in regard to this matter, into which too many of our religious people are liable to fall. And it is the more difficult to speak and write properly upon this most delicate of points when we reflect that this feeling is produced by the purest and holiest feelings in the nature of man—his respect and love for his Maker.

There seems to be a desire among the people to whom we allude, to frown down every species of enjoyment which may not appear, according to the standard which they have established, of a strictly religious character. They look with a kind of holy horror upon the ebullitions of feeling, so natural in the youthful mind, and oftentimes in the minds of those more advanced in life, also, which manifest themselves with such peculiar force at this time, and appear to regard as irreverent and unbecoming many of the enjoyments which flow spontaneously from a heart full and running over with happiness. They appear not to consider, for example, that many people are so constituted among us that the enjoyment they would feel while given up to meditations in their closets or chambers, or even when seated with their relatives within the cheerful domestic circle, would bear no comparison to that experienced while moving in the fascinating circles of the "mazy dance," or to express ourselves still more classically, in the language of the greatest of religious poets, "tripping the light fantastic toe." They do not appear to bear in mind what seems the most palpable truth in the world to us, that never is the heart so ready and eager to return thanks to the "great Giver of all good" as when surcharged with enjoyment.

Then do we involuntarily feel a sentiment of grateful delight that we are permitted thus to give vent to the feelings of our natures, and find them so congenially reciprocated. I say, the sentiment of gratitude must of necessity be mingled with our pleasure; for what can be more natural than for the heart to feel thankful amidst its enjoyment? Do we not all know that we are dependent upon our Creator for even the smallest particle of happiness which we may here experience—nay, that it is to him we are indebted for our existence even? What, then, can be more natural than that, in view of these circumstances, the mind should be elevated in grateful homage to that Creator, that we are permitted to feel in such a special manner the results of his great goodness? I am not speaking of the infidel or skeptic, for to such it is impossible that the remarks I have made can in any manner apply, but of those who entertain a sincere and heartfelt love and gratitude to God for his many benefits and favors conferred upon us, his often erring children, and with all due reverence to the opinions of those who may be so much my superiors in age and experience, I beg to be allowed to express a belief that many of the latter class are to be found in our ball-rooms and other places of amusement, worshipping God in the way which appears most natural and pleasant to their simple and unsophisticated hearts.

I am aware that it may be objected, that our fathers, in establishing this day, designed it to be spent in a different manner from that which I have here attempted to defend, and that in countenancing these amusements we are sanctioning innovation upon long established customs; but every child knows that we live in an age of progress, that many doctrines and practices of the fathers of the church even of the present day, would be looked upon as mournful deviations from their plain but rigid morality. Not that we would be understood as evincing any disrespect for our puritan fathers. We should, indeed, be a degenerate son did we regard them in any other light than as a band of the truest, most noble-hearted and sincerely Christian men who have ever existed: but they lived in a different time from our own, and educated their children under widely different circumstances. They were fresh from a country where the observance of innocent pleasures had been made a cloak to cover the practice of deeds of damning guilt and shame; and what more natural than that, in striving to avoid the errors of which they had there seen such unfortunate results, they should themselves be led into the opposite extreme.

But I perceive, Mr. Editor, my article has already extended to such a length, that I shall be obliged to forego the pleasure I had promised myself in descending upon the delights of the "roast turkeys" and "plum puddings," which are served up upon "Thanksgiving Day;" but I have no doubt that each of your readers, if he or she recur to his or her experience on that occasion, will be enabled to appreciate, at least, what their *substance* or *foundation* would have been.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"W. M." must pardon our omission of his favors this month; they shall appear in our next. His own experience in the matter will doubtless lead him the more readily to excuse our unavoidable neglect. Our other correspondents must bear with us for a while; all will come right in due season.

THE PRIVATE BOARDER.

"Pity the sorrows of a nice young man."—(*Unpublished Poem.*)

Reader,—Have you ever been a boarder in a "private family," where they had a *baby*? If you have not, you may congratulate yourself upon having escaped one of the "greatest ills that flesh is heir to." If you have, you can sympathize with me, and I know you will, for a more unfortunate, miserable being never existed. But I will tell my "tale of woe" in regular order.

A few short months ago I was a happy man. In good business, of quiet, modest habits (of which this declaration is proof,) and generally esteemed as a promising, "nice young man," I engaged board in a private family, fondly hoping to enjoy many an hour of quiet happiness.

But, alas! how vain are human hopes! A short time after my entrance into the family, another member was brought into its circle—an embryo specimen of humanity, introduced into this "breathing world" to grub his way along on its already overstocked plantation; to plant, hoe and dig his stock of murphies on father Adam's farm,—a miserable, squalling, bald-headed little scamp.

I presume it is not necessary for me to give a detailed description of the young gentleman, as it is well known that every baby is the handsomest one in the neighborhood; but different people entertain different views on such subjects, as the following dialogue, which took place between the nurse and myself will prove. I must leave it to the sagacity of the reader to determine which view of the subject I advocated. "What do you think of him? Isn't he pretty?" "Looks like a monkey in a consumption." "See his eyes; sparkle like diamonds."—"—his eyes." "Bless his eetle heart; he's the very pictur of his pa." "Not very flattering to him, at any rate." She called me a brutal, unfeeling wretch, and left me to meditate on nurses, babies, and other mysterious dispensations of providence. One day, having ventured to insinuate, in the presence of the mother, that I had seen a handsomer child, she retorted that he was a better looking baby than I ever was or ever would be. I muttered something about odious comparisons, and evaporated, to ruminate on a mother's undying love, and wonder what kind of a chap I might have been had I never been blessed with one.

Six months have now elapsed, and I am still alive,—and so is the baby. "Ay, there's the rub." His lungs have improved by age, and when put into full operation, as they often are, the effect is tremendous. He is now beginning to be initiated into some of the sleight-of-hand tricks which have from time immemorial been deemed the exclusive prerogatives of babydom, such as upsetting plates, cups, saucers and contents, putting forks into his eyes, swallowing spoons, &c., and occasionally varying his entertainments by clutching a corner of the table-cloth, and converting the eatables into a mass of ruins—vastly entertaining to him, undoubtedly; and generally concluding his performances by an extemporaneous concert, with variations, qualifying himself to take the principal part in *Squallini's* opera—*infanto prodigio*!

But this is not all. As if it were not enough for this imp in small clothes to keep the house in an uproar, every body else seem to consider themselves bound to become fools the moment they appear in his babyship's presence, and commence a series of

hideous, uncouth, outrageous noises, and various contortions of the countenance, for what possible object I never could divine. Sometimes the fond father, credulously believing that "bubby" recognizes him as the one to whom he owes so many obligations, and who is entitled to his everlasting gratitude for introducing him into this "vale of tears,"—endeavors to attract his attention by screeching, clapping his hands, cackling, and various other performances; and sometimes the infatuated man even rashly attempts to sing bass—and a *base* attempt it is, too, for he has no more taste for singing than a hedgehog; all of which "bub," as in duty bound, acknowledges by divers and sundry chucklings, and gymnastic performances with his hands and feet, to the delight of papa and wondering mamma. "O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother."—(*Hamlet.*)

But I could bear all this, and submit to my fate, did not the consequences of his evolutions sometimes visit themselves on my devoted self. About a month ago, I sported a pair of French doe-skin pants, for which I gave my autograph and *promise* to pay ten dollars—tailor unsophisticated enough to take them. One evening, at tea-table—engagement, ladies, after tea—boots shone like Sambo's mug—"bub" saw something he thought he wanted, made a dive after it, but missed it; chair tipped, and in falling, young hopeful clutched the cloth—pants received hot tea and buttered toast; (I like toast well buttered.) I jumped suddenly, but straps held on—good straps, patent—pants ripped "a feet," and the little rascal received from myself an expression of regard more fervent than pious, and a bump on his soft shell not laid down by Fowler, but which was unmistakably that of Tune, "broken out in a new spot," without much regard to the rights of Time or Locality. "And then arose from earth to heaven," &c.; but how I grinned "in fiendish malice," as I saw the little rascal "catch it." 'Twas well worth an X.

But I can't stand it much longer; my "sufferings is intolerable." I must dig out, clear, "squat" somewhere else; "leave my country for my country's good," which, undoubtedly, would be the best thing I could do. Mr. Editor, don't you know of a chance where a miserable, desperate young man can distinguish himself? some spot where I can die, bleed and fight for my country? I did think of going to Texas, but the Mexicans won't fight; so that's busted. I read all the debates and speeches on the Oregon question, hoping that war will be declared, and thus give me a chance to make the British lion tremble. But I'm afraid John Bull, as usual, will only roar. But I must do something—I must, yes, I will, I'll—change my boarding-place. Please insert the following, marked *paid*, and "Editors friendly to the cause of humanity will please copy."

BOARD WANTED—By a "nice young man," in a family where there are no babies, nor ever will be. Address (post paid) B. A. C. H., Jr. Terms immaterial. istfoaw

Jan. 1, 1845.

N. G.

LETTERS FROM ENGLAND.

LETTER VI.

London,——

My dear Harry.—One of the many bugbears existing not only in America, but, in a great degree, also, among the ultra radicals of England, is that of the National Debt. France sneers at the spirit of a

people which can bear such a monstrous burthen; Chartists fret and fume away their lives in fruitless attempts at reformation; American Republicans, in the sublimity of their own conceptions of Political Economy, point the finger of scorn at a system that will admit of a National Debt of eight hundred millions of pounds; but, after a careful examination of its rise and progress, and an unbiassed scrutiny into its present influences and probable destiny, I cannot conceive it as so monstrous a burthen as they would have us imagine. An evil it certainly is, but in its tendencies there are some good results.

The interest, amounting to about forty millions of pounds, is raised by taxes principally on imported articles; but how is this vast sum expended? In paying interest to stockholders. But who are the stockholders? Are they foreign governments, or even the subjects of foreign powers? No, neither, not a thousandth part goes out of the country! the people themselves are the stockholders, the very people upon whom the tax falls! How then can it be so great a burthen? Were there no National Debt, there would be no interest to pay, no taxes to raise; but each stockholder, instead of receiving an interest of ten, or a hundred, or a thousand pounds per annum, would have his capital invested elsewhere; *id est*, the tax being taken off the goods which had formerly been taxed for the purpose of raising money to pay the interest on his capital, loaned to government, that would be an equivalent which was the amount of the tax; the only difference would be the change in the channel through which he received it, instead of its being paid through the government to him, as interest, he would now receive it directly, by the decrease in the price of the hitherto taxed articles, consequent upon the repeal of the tax. This argument, if it be true, annihilates one grand argument of the radicals, and instead of the whole tax being a direct burthen upon the people, makes it so only so far as there are expenses incurred in levying the tax,—public buildings, clerks, custom-house officers, and in some degree, the vessels of war which cruise about the home coast.

On the other hand, there is an argument in its favor, and that is, that a large National Debt, and the larger the better, acts as an anchor or a balance-wheel, and gives stability to the existing government; prevents it from being tossed hither and thither with the variable whimsicalities of an ignorant people; nor is it so immovable, but that a well clinched and united force, united under the sympathy of a common grievance, can rectify these abuses. Experience has proved this. A ministry is not to be overthrown by a petty grievance, or seldom by a single grievance alone, but by a concatenation of grievances brought to a focus; and then, by one grand, united effort, the obnoxious ministry is removed.

The stockholders in the national debt are scattered through every class of people—from the members of the royal family, down to the possessors of a few hundreds. This, in the minds of the people, throws a greater interest around the government: and, I may say, a sacredness enwraps it, which, commencing with those who are large holders, descends through different stages, till it reaches the ignorant mass, upon whom the opinions of the well informed have somewhat of a magnetic influence, and impresses them with a sense of awe at the powers that be. Again, it prevents the people from being a prey to demagogues to so great an extent as they would otherwise be; the gassy arguments of the ambitious do

not satisfy them so easily, and it is not till an argument, be it ever so good, brings conviction with it in a physical manner, that they can be roused, and any degree of unity accomplished. Take, for instance, the present agitation caused by the Corn Laws, though arguments unanswerable were brought against their existence, they were but slowly gaining ground, (when we consider the magnitude of the grievance,) and it was not till accident, by means of the failure of the potato crop, brought conviction home, by thrusting starvation in at the houses of thousands, that any united effort was gained. This has at last been accomplished, and the knell of the Corn Laws is now being tolled in every city and village of Britain. Peel's days are numbered.

What will be the end of the National Debt no one can form the slightest conjecture. That it can never be paid is acknowledged by all, and that it may be the object of trouble in future years is very probable. But the annals of battle and bloodshed are fast giving place to records of a more peaceful nature, and I trust that, as the developments of science proceed, and a higher state of civilization is attained, there may be found some means of putting it off: and I have now a firm faith, that when its existence becomes no longer necessary, it will find a peaceful grave, and be numbered among the things that were.

W. F.

THOUGHTS' GLIMMERINGS. — No. V.

OUR CITY : A WALK AND A TALK ABOUT IT.

(Continued from our last.)

Now let us saunter through Kilby street, and up and down Milk, and gaze as we pass at the noble piles of granite which commerce hath reared within these precincts for its treasure-houses. Worthy monuments are they of New England enterprise and industry—proud evidences of the skill and workmanship of Boston mechanics. With what energy hath the restless spirit of trade pushed itself into the very heart of the city, appropriating the once quiet and venerable mansions of the citizens to its manifold uses. Where, not long since, the tide flowed in security and without molestation, long rows of capacious warehouses now proclaim the onward march of mercantile business; and even the churches, too, consecrated as they were to God's service, and in which prayer and supplication were wont to be made, yield to the requirements of mammon, and are converted into stores and noble houses of merchandize! Alas, the transition!

Stroll we next into this street, which skirts the eastern side of the city; even its first appearance is not very attractive, and as we penetrate more deeply into its windings, no bright relief will make us forget the opening view. In close proximity to the beautiful edifices of State, and the stately warehouses of Milk, streets, find we the poverty-stricken and squalid abodes of Broad street. As is ever the case in the cities of the *civilized* world, we need take but one step to convey us from the palaces where fortune smiles; to the miserable kennels where fortune frowns. *State Street!* What thoughts of wealth and rank and influence flit the brain! *BROAD STREET!* What scenes of destitution, misery and wickedness meet the gaze and pollute the very atmosphere! Here, vice stalks abroad in open day without disguise; there, garbed in a holiday suit, the most pure careth not to avoid the rank distem-

per. Honest poverty, possibly, dwelleth in the one and is—shunned; successful villany flaunteth in the other, and is—complimented! Come, away—leave we these scenes; stay the thought which controls thee; there is too much here over which the heart sickeneth!

Old North End! Thou nursery of the high-souled resolve which in earlier days gave our favored land her freedom and her name! Home of industry and honesty! We love to thread thy narrow streets, to gaze musingly up at the venerable, over-hanging mansions which freshly record the architectural taste of other times, and freely indulge the grateful thought that there is indeed one section of the city upon which the busy fingers of modern renovation hath scarce made an imprint. We honor thee, old North End, for thy very antiquity; we revere thy name for the many historical recollections which crowd around it; we speak proudly of thee for thy seminaries of learning, thy churches of long established integrity. Here, too, as well as elsewhere, hath commerce erected a throne. Long rows of massive warehouses cover the wharves; capacious ships, bearing hence the produce and manufactures of every land, fill the docks. Industry, with her green-jacketed artizans, here clangeth the hammer, and guides the varied implements of mechanical skill. Thy many inhabitants, children of worthy sires, move forward with a firm tread, and a noble independence of character showeth itself in every action. Even the merry peals from the bells of old Christ's Church, roll, volume-like, from the tower, on each returning Sabbath, as if in grateful response to the long-entertained expectations of the neighborhood of listeners; and the advent of the Christmas holidays, or the New Year festivities, would scarce engage the recollection of thine industrious, plodding citizens, were the doors of this venerable tabernacle closed, and the gladsome notes of its eight-membered chime suppressed. Fare thee ever well, old North End! There is much within thee we first learned to reverence in school-boy days—there is much associated with thee in our memory we shall ever carry with us through life.

A speedy walk along the borders of the estuary of Charles river, passing numerous wharves and workshops, and we emerge upon the western section of Boston, which has been more generally selected for residences. A comparative quietness pervades the vicinity, and many neat and comfortable abodes, which industry and its attendant, competence, have cheerfully furnished, may be passed. At early morn, or when

"Twilight lets her curtain down,
And pins it with a star,"

a numerous company of pedestrians, whom the requirements of business summoneth or hath released, may be noticed, quietly moving hitherward and thitherward to their various destinations. As the avenues which communicate with many of the suburban towns, the streets in this precinct receive the hurrying team or the pleasure-imparting vehicle. Within this section of the city, too, may be witnessed one of those customary appendages to civilization,—a *county jail*, whose cold granite walls, and grated windows, and forbidding entrance, impart a chill as the passer-by gladly hurries on; and the thought comes stealing through the mind, that it would be far wiser in the civil authorities to endeavor to remove the cause of its erection, than so rigor-

ously punish the oft necessitous commission of crime. The ragged, idle urchins, who, homeless and parentless, are allowed to roam the streets, are but candidates for the honors of the penitentiary; and when these are bestowed, forgettingly we say society has been relieved of the unprincipled and vicious, and merited punishment has been inflicted! O justice! O civilization! Rather should we seek out the unfortunate in early life, bestow upon them an education, inculcate sound principles of morality and integrity, and thus prepare them to exercise the duties of good citizens. This done, and more will be accomplished for the reformation of the wayward than a fear of the wide-gaping doors and barred windows of all our prison-houses can ever effect.

A further stroll, crossing the beautiful common of which we have before spoken, and we soon reach the southern part of the metropolis. Many are the changes which here a few years have witnessed. Neat and well-graded streets, tastefully traversing lands once covered by the water, are lined with the proudly-rearing house and the inviting cottage. The tide of population, stemmed by the increasing requirements of trade and commerce, has turned southward,—and all along the wide expansive “neck” which connects the peninsula upon which the city reposes with the adjacent country, may be witnessed the indications of healthful activity which it puts forth. Men, whose avocations draw them to the older portions of the city where trade hath her mart, seek here, away from the scenes of turmoil and the busy hum of traffic, a quiet retreat for the evening hour. A thrifty tree, here and there by the wayside, set out by some kindly resident, whose thoughts for a brief season strangely wandered from their accustomed routine of “profit and loss,” impart pleasureable emotions, and coupled with the smoothly-gravelled avenue, bear the mind away from this great babylon of brick and mortar to scenes amid wood and dell, where limpid waters gush joyfully from shaded retreats, and the gladsome music of nature rejoices in its own exquisite melody.

Thus have we lingered on, noting much worthy of serious reflection, yet scarce giving utterance to the many suggestions which have been awakened. But

“Here let us pause and breathe awhile,”

treasuring in our minds the many evidences of benevolence and an active public spirit we have witnessed, but not mentioned, in our loiterings, and forgetting, if not too willingly, what little of human wretchedness forced itself upon our notice. We love thee, old tri-mountain city, homely and commonplace as is thy internal appearance, peculiar as are the whims of thy people,—for thou hast given us birth, and nourished us in the quietude of peace and prosperity; thou wert our guardian and instructor in earlier days, and well may we thank thee! A noble example art thou to the whole world,—a pattern of neatness and law-abiding order, of public uprightness and private munificence, of promptitude and good-faith,—a city set upon a hill, whose brightness cannot be hid!

C. W. S.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

How dear to the heart of a person, endowed with the finer sensibilities of mind, are the scenes of youth. After long years have passed away,—perhaps after passing through scenes of peril and suffering, or lingering in prison, with no companion

to cheer the gloom of the dark dungeon, or while in the midst of privations, with but slight chance of ever returning to his native home,—how distinctly and beautifully rise up before the eye of memory the scenes of his youth.

Though but young in years, still I feel the hal-lowed associations of home glowing within me, with all the fervor and beauty of which mind is capable. I seem to be revisiting the scenes where, heretofore, I have dwelt so long in peace and happiness. Often have I climbed to the summit of the steep, rugged mountains, clad with trees and shrubs, to enjoy the pleasure, which a mind filled with a love of the sublime and beautiful alone can enjoy. Standing on the topmost height and looking towards the north, I saw the place of my birth, with its neat white houses embosomed in trees clothed in the beautiful garb of summer; beyond the village green, which, surrounded by a double row of beautiful elms, seemed only fit for the joyous dance or merry carol, lay a bright and sparkling sheet of water, with its winding shores of pure white sand, fringed with the wild convolvulus and trailing arbut, contrasting most beautifully with the lovely azure of its bosom, scarcely rippled by the zephyrs laden with fragrance which swept over it.

Many a time have I listlessly hung over the side of a boat, gazing into its clear blue waters and dreamed of future honors and riches, but, alas! these dreams were like the surface of a lake,—the smallest stone disturbs the whole; or, stranding my boat in the pure white sand which forms the margin of the island, wandered deep into its recesses and plucked the luscious fruits of autumn. Never shall I forget, too, the happy hours I have spent in the lovely groves, in the pleasant evenings of summer, while the moon shed its silver radiance in brilliant sparklets through the leaves of the fine old elms above, and the tiny waves were breaking in silvery ripples on the beautiful beach, wandering arm in arm with a bright and beautiful one, with our hearts strung in unison to the wild and thrilling, yet soothing melody of nature. Pleasant, indeed, were these hours, sometimes conversing in the mystic language of the beautiful wild flowers of the forest, or engaged in sweet communion with one I shall never forget.

It was my delight to take my boat early in the morning, and gliding over the quiet bosom of the lake, view the surrounding scenery as the sun rose in all his golden splendor, throwing a rich roseate hue over all. Then the sweet water lilies, too, which cover our New England lakes, with their snow-white petals forming a most beautiful contrast to the dark blue waters, on which they rest. How gloriously they reposed in solitude!

But to return to my station on the mountain. Far to the northwest can be seen the peaks of lofty mountains, scarcely perceptible, however, so faintly are they relieved against the calm, blue sky. To the west arises a long range of hills, covered with the never-fading verdure of the mournful pine. To the south, in the distance, was a break in the continuous chain, displaying to view a noble prospect of the tri-mountain city, and with Charlestown, Cambridge, and Roxbury, presents a scene of surpassing beauty and grace. The Charles and Mystic rivers, with their pellucid waters glittering in the distance, seemed like silver threads thrown in careless sport, by a fairy hand, over the scene, adding to it a loveliness only to be realized by those who have spent hour after hour, lingering, as I have, unable to tear myself from its enchantment.

CLAYTON.